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REMEMBER PISO'S FOR COUGHS & COLDS

GOT THE BEST OF THE ELDER

Apt Quotation of Brer Reuben Saved His Mule and at the Same Time Rebuked Sin. Elder Harris was making another attempt to induce one of the members of his flock to trade horses with him. "Dat pony of yours, Brer Reuben," he said, "is jes' what I want, an' my big boy has jes' what you want. I kin git over de ground faster wid de pony, an' you kin haul a bigger load wid de hoss. Hit'd be a good trade fur bofe on us, cep'in dat it'd be a leetle better fur you dan it would fur me. You take de bay and give me de chee'n' sor'l'."

"De pony suits me well 'nough, elder," avered Brother Reuben, for the twentieth time. "I don't keer t' make no swap."

"But I jes' natchelly got t' have dat pony, Brer Reuben."

"Elder," spoke the other, after a period of profound thought, "I been wadin' t' ast you a question for a long time. Well, what is it?"

"I know what one o' de posties says 'bout de law bein' done away with, but ah't it still livin' undisturb de ten commandments?"

"Brer Reuben," solemnly averred Elder Harris, "we air."

"Well, one o' dem commandments says we musn't covet anythin' t' b' longers t' our neighbors, an' you're covetin' dat 'ol' chestnut sor'l' pony o' mine, Brer Harris!"

Then the elder gave it up. Clearly the tenth commandment was against him.—Chicago Tribune.

NEW PRESIDENT OF EASTERN LEAGUE



Edward Grant Barrow.

Edward Grant Barrow, who was recently elected president of the Eastern league, has been identified with baseball for many years, and to sit in the executive chair will be no new experience for him, as he was the boss of the Atlantic league in 1897, 1898 and 1899. Barrow was born in Springfield, Ill., on May 10, 1868, and for a time was in the newspaper business in Des Moines. He went east in 1889, locating in Pittsburg, and once was in partnership with Harry Stevens, the scorecard king. Barrow helped organize the old Interstate league, managing the Wheeling club in 1894 and winning the pennant of that organization. The next year the Wheeling team, still managed by Barrow, entered the Iron and Oil league and again won the flag. In 1896 Barrow shifted his scene of operations from Wheeling to Paterson, N. J., having on his team Hans Wagner, Emmet Hedrick, Bill Armour, George Henry Smith and Dick Cogan. Barrow became president of the Atlantic league in 1897, an office he held until the organization blew up. Then he moved to Toronto, managing the Maple Leafs in 1900, 1901 and 1902, and winning the pennant with them; the third season he was their boss. From Toronto, Barrow went to Detroit and then to Indianapolis and Montreal. He went back to Toronto in 1906, and, after getting together a team that was destined to make its mark in the Eastern league circuit, turned the players over to Joe Kelley and went into the hotel business. Barrow kept out of baseball for three years, coming back last season as manager of the Montreal club.

THOMPSON WINS HARD FIGHT

Sycamore Cyclone Defeats Rudie Unholz in Six Rounds at Sydney, N. S. W.—Victory Unpopular.

Johnny Thompson of Sycamore, Ill., made his appearance at the Stadium at Sydney, N. S. W., recently, and scored a victory over Rudie Unholz, the South African lightweight, now of the states. Unholz was clearly beaten at the end of the fifth round and in the first forty seconds of the sixth the referee, Snowey Baker, stopped the contest and gave the verdict to Thompson.

It was not a popular verdict, as Thompson was decidedly heavier than Unholz and naturally the crowd was so anxious to score a knockout early that he lost his head a bit in the fifth when he had Rude about out.

Left Both Satisfied. It all happened on one of those few surviving taxicab-on-enter cars. "Oh, I insist on paying, Gladys," said the brunette. "You paid coming down."

"No, I shall pay," declared Gladys with equal firmness. "What if I did pay coming down—didn't you buy that last package of gum?"

"Let me settle the quarrel, ladies," suggested the diplomatic conductor. "Why not use the denatured form of Dutch treat?"

"What's that?" "Well, you each pay the other's fare." And that was the way they solved it.—Cleveland Leader.



Sycamore Cyclone.

SPORTING GOSSIP

Toronto university is to have a new athletic field costing \$100,000. How many times does Jake Stahl have to announce his retirement, anyway? Frank Chance arises to remark he will not visit the antipodes with Jeffries.

Hans Wagner will play with Pittsburg or retire from baseball, says Manager Clarke. James M. Sheldon has signed another contract to take charge of the University of Indiana football squad next fall.

If Owen Moran becomes naturalized England may send Jim Driscoll or Freddie Welsh to punish its expatriate citizen. Larry McLean and Charley Doots, catchers, made a tremendous hit with the baseball fans in Cincinnati with their vaudeville stunt.

Tip O'Neil, president of the Western league, is making arrangements for the trip of the Boston American league team to the Pacific coast next spring. John K. Tener, governor of Pennsylvania, who will draw down a salary of \$10,000 per annum, was once fired from a ball team to cut down expenses.

Jack Twin Sullivan says he henceforth will be a knock-out fighter instead of a boxer. Jack may revise his method when Billy Papke returns from Australia. Some New York fight fans are now talking fake concerning the Nelson-Moran battle. This will hurt just as much as the five knock-downs in the last round.

Few of the fighters have made more money or spent more than Abe Attell. Abe at last has learned something from Hat Nelson. He is storing away his shekels for a rainy day. It's pretty tough for an athlete who delights in the chase and loves the smell of the pines to come back to the mat, but that is what the friends of Fred Beall have persuaded him to do.

HOW TINKER GOT HIS START

No One Seriously Thought Joe Could Play Except Himself—Grim Started Him Along.

BY JOE TINKER. (Copyright, by Joseph M. Bowler.) It required a Jimmy and a lot of nerve for me to get started in baseball at all. No one except myself seemed to think I could play ball well enough to play it professionally. I made up my mind when I was just a little fellow that I was going to become a major league ball player. I guess it came from watching the great team that Kansas City had in those days. I used to climb the fence, or catch balls, or do anything else to get in to see them play, and every time I came away more determined to become a player.

My people had other ideas, but I stuck to mine. I played on kid teams before I was ten years old, and used to fight all the time. Then finally I became third baseman of the Hagen's Tailors, a team of amateurs and semi-professionals supported by a Kansas City team. At that time Johnny Kling was manager, catcher and first batter for the Schmeltzers, representing a sporting goods house. We won the championship, not losing a game, and King's team did the same, but the Schmeltzers and the Hagen's had not played. We were younger and we demanded a game to decide the championship. King condescended to play us and we gave them an awful beating. That must have convinced Kling I could play, as he bought me the next spring, giving \$2 and some uniforms for me. I played with him for a time, then he moved to the country towns of Missouri. I got canned almost everywhere, but finally was picked up and recommended to Denver. I lasted there just long enough to get a uniform and then went to Montana. If I do say it, I saved that Great Falls team. The team needed money and was about to fall when John McCloskey, who was managing Butte, offered \$200 and another player for me. That \$200 saved the team. I went to Butte and we won the championship.

John Grim was appointed to manage a team in the old Northwest league. He hired me and I reported. Grim picked up ten men he never had seen, put the team together in two weeks and won the championship. Every one of the ten men he started with made good, and with only one man added we won from teams paying twice the salaries. My work that season attracted notice, or else Grim press agent me and made the major leagues believe I was good, for there were five clubs after me, and both Chicago and Cincinnati wanted me badly. I wanted to go to Cincinnati, but Jack McCarthy had received such bad treatment there he advised me to try Chicago. I didn't want to come to Chicago, because they wanted me to play short, and I thought I was a third baseman. I had made all my success at third and was scared at the idea of shortstop, knowing that man-



Joe Tinker.

times players fall because they are shifted from their right positions. I took a chance, went to short and discovered to my surprise I could play it better than I could play third. I think the chief reasons for any player's success are these: Hard work and study, and having one's heart set on winning. I cannot now play well on a losing team, and it almost kills me to be beaten. A fellow must feel that way to do his best work.

RULES ARE LIKELY TO STAND

Coaches of Many New England Elevens Express Their Opinions—Game Popular With Spectators.

That the latest American modification of the English rugby football game is likely to stand for several years at least, with perhaps a few further minor changes, is the opinion of many of the coaches and players of the New England college elevens at the close of the present season. From the spectators' standpoint the game proved more popular than ever before.

Injuries were less in number and seriousness than for many years, only one fatality occurring in this section. That was on Thanksgiving day, at Winsted, Conn. According to Trainer "Booch" Donovan and Doctor Nicholls of the Harvard eleven, twisted knees were more prevalent than any other injury.

Coach "Don" Pryor of the Brown squad said that the new rules helped his team immensely. "They gave a greater chance for heady, speedy men," he said, "than was allowed the same players under the old rules, and are entirely satisfactory, except possibly for the 20-yard zone relating to forward passes and inside kicks and the division of periods. Brown went through the season without serious injury, and the team could have stood a much harder schedule than under the old rules. Brown put brains ahead of brawn and won out."

Coach P. S. Durgin of Bowdoin college said the new game had great possibilities, which even the larger colleges did not bring out.

KILLING IN BATTLE

OLD SOLDIERS EXTREMELY RETICENT ON SUBJECT.

Lord Tredegar, Who Was in Charge at Balaklava, Explains Soldiers' Conscience—Took Benefit of Doubt Himself.

In a reference to the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, in which he took part, Lord Tredegar has raised the question of the soldier's conscience. Speaking at an anniversary gathering, he said: "I give myself the benefit of the doubt that I have no murder on my conscience. I am not certain whether I killed a man in that charge or not."

The conscience of the British soldier has apparently the effect of making him extremely reticent on the subject. Hardy ever will an old soldier declare that he has killed a man except in cases where the testing of avenging indignantly was added to the sense of duty in battle.

When the Canadian aides were in England a few weeks ago they had with them a veteran of the Ninety-third regiment when the young rifle men sought to "draw" on his fighting exploits. The farthest he ever went was to say: "I'm not conscious that ever I killed a Russian, and I was in midst of the fight, but I wish I had a sovereign for every one I bayoneted in the Mutiny. There we are to get of Cawnpore."

Chelsea pensioners and other old soldiers presented the same attitude when questioned in connection with Lord Tredegar's remark. The Crimean veteran would not go beyond saying, "I suppose I must have killed them."

An ex-dragon who went through both the Crimean and the Mutiny campaigns practically repeated the remarks of the Ninety-third veteran. "I cannot say," he said, "that I ever killed any one in the Crimean. But the Mutiny was different. There we were going to avenge the murder of women and little children. I was at Secunderabad when we used nothing but a bayonet. We got them against the wall and killed till we had to get coolies to pull away the dead so that we could get at the living. As we left I passed a man lying dead, as I thought, on the grass."

"I heard a noise and, looking back, saw that he was sitting up and covering me with his gun. I drove my bayonet so hard that I had to put my foot on him to push it out. I am an old man and I believe it wicked, but I still feel a thrill when I think of the way we avenged our countrywomen. Nor do I feel that I have a murder on my conscience."

Men who were in the earlier Egyptian campaign have the same feeling. They are not prepared to say that they know they killed an enemy. This view becomes more marked in those who fought with recent campaigns, where the weapons were of long range. South Africa veterans say frankly that it is impossible to tell whether any of their bullets found a billet.

She Wasn't Taking Chances.

I know one of these commercial beauty models whose likeness is seen almost everywhere—in cars, in railroad stations, in drug stores, in fences through the country roads, in magazines and newspapers. Nature had endowed her with a wonderful head of beautiful golden-brown hair, naturally wavy, thick and long. Before she became a model and while employed as clerk in a wholesale drug business, a customer noticed her hair. She wore it simply in two braids circling her head. He asked her to pose for an advertisement of a hair tonic which he had discovered. She posed in a dozen different ways, with her hair down. "But of course," she told me, "in each pose the artist retouched my hair slightly—changed my nose, my chin, my eyes, to make it appear to the public that a number of consumers of this 'hair-grower' had testified that 'Fakerine' did it."

"And did you like the tonic?" I asked. "Like it?" she sniffed. "I never tried it! I think too much of my hair!" And then she added: "I never use any of the goods I demonstrate."—Success Magazine.

The Grammar of Girls.

A girl is a half-educated animal who has learned to conceal her ignorance by certain useless accomplishments. She is a colloquial noun, an objective pronoun, a transitive verb, an oscillatory adverb, a qualitative adjective, a doubtful article, an inconstant conjunction, a frequent interjection and sometimes a past perfect participle, and more often a future perfect.

She is conjugated thus: I flirt. I marry—wed. You kiss. I am kissed. I will be engaged. I can, should or would be married. To be divorced. Divorcing. She belongs to the feminine gender, except as a suffragist, and is in any tense.

She is rarely declined except when in the past perfect—Life.

Mixed Emotions.

A Bostonian tells of a clean, well-set-up young Irishman, who formerly saw service in the British navy, but who is now engaged in business at the Hub. "When are you going to get home rule in Ireland, John?" the Bostonian once idly asked. "The only way that we'll get home rule in old Ireland," said the Celt, "will be if France—an' Russia—an' Germany—an' Austria—an' maybe Italy—if they would all join together to give those blackguards of England a rare old battle. That's the only way, sir, we'll get home rule."

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GOT HIS SOBRIQUET EARLY

"Honest John" Kelly Proved His Right to the Title Long Before Manhood.

There have been many stories about the manner in which "Honest John" Kelly, the ex-umpire, first got his nickname. Mr. Kelly himself, according to a New York letter, holds that it came to him naturally, for even as a small boy the purity of his soul shone through his face. "I think the first time I was ever called 'Honest John' was when I was quite a youngster," said Kelly. "A man engaged as an ambulatory salesman of tinware observed the unguessed countenance I presented to the world and halted me. 'You look honest, boy,' said he. 'What might your name be?' 'John,' said I, quite simply. 'John—just like that. Then hold my horse while I go in the saloon and get a drink,' said he. And so I held his horse while he went in the saloon and got a drink. But this was on lower Ninth avenue, in a day when the avenue's honors went to the man who could clean the most cops in a given time. By and by the cops came along and beheld that wagon full of tinware. The peddler was detained within by a sore throat, and they took the tinware. And then they came back and took the cushions of the wagon. Eventually, becoming daring, they unhitched the wagon and took it away. True to my trust, I stood there, holding the horse. And by and by the peddler came out of the saloon and gazed up the situation. 'Well,' said he warily, 'you're 'Honest John, all right. You saved the horse.'"

Ended the Controversy.

On the steeple of an old Universalist church in Bath, Me., there is a wooden figure of an angel. It is not a remarkably fine specimen of art, and has always been somewhat laughed about, especially because of its high-heeled shoes. The Bath Epitapher recalls the story that a former pastor of the North Congregational church once accosted a devoted Universalist with the question: "Mr. Raymond, did you ever see an angel with high-heeled shoes on its feet?" "Why, no," answered Mr. Raymond, "I can't say that I ever did; but did you ever see one without them?"

Old Women in Maine.

Gray has a quintet of ladies whose age is over ninety years. Mrs. Enoch Morrill's age is ninety-nine years and eleven months, while Mrs. Lois B. Small reached her ninety-eighth birthday on November 5, and both of these ladies are bright and active. Mrs. Mary A. Frank was ninety-six last September, and is in her usual health. Mrs. Hannah T. Rowe is ninety-one; Mrs. Mary Leighton also is ninety-one.—Kennebec Journal.

On the Dog.

A small West Philadelphia boy may be an author some day. He has just finished his first essay. It is on a dog. "A dog is an animal with four legs, a tale and pants but he never changes them. He wags his tale when he is glad and sits on it when he is sorry. A dog is a useful animal because he bites burglars but he is more trouble than he is worth when he tracks mud on the carpet. A bull dog is the king of beasts."

What Happened.

Fate—Did you call?
Opportunity—Yes, but she sent word by her servant she wasn't in.—Harper's Bazar.

Discouraged
The expression occurs so many times in letters from sick women, "I was completely discouraged." And there is always good reason for the discouragement. Years of pain and suffering. Doctor after doctor tried in vain. Medicines doing no lasting good. It is no wonder that the woman feels discouraged. Thousands of these weak and sick women have found health and courage regained as the result of the use of
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